

Another Way to Bleed

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****Spoilers for Becoming (Buffy) and Last Knight (Forever Knight)****

****Love is just another way to bleed.**
> -- Anita Blake, 'Blue Moon'
> <p>

In a decaying goth bar in the old section of Brasilia, a regal man sat with a full wine glass in front of him; every once and a while he would run a hand through his spikey white hair and continue to stare into his wine as if it held the answers. But it didn't, and the man would continue to sit and stare, trying to forget.

In another section of the same goth bar, another, though less regal, man sat drowning all his sorrows in a half-empty bottle of whiskey. Occasionally, he would run a hand through his bleached hair and mutter about 'that damned girl'; then he would chug a mouthful of whiskey down his throat. He, too, was trying to forget.

It so happens that the man with the whiskey spotted the regal man across the bar and, recognizing a sort of kinship, staggered over to the man's table. Of course, the regal man didn't want any company, but, in a drunken stupor, the man with the whiskey didn't notice the

glare aimed at him from across the table.

"So, what's a nice chap like you doing in a place like this?" the man with the whiskey slurred. The regal man remained silent and continued to glare. "Humph! Cat got your tongue?"

"Do I know you?" the regal man sighed.

"No, I don't believe you do," the other man replied, his heavily accented voice growing slightly less slurred. He studied the regal man in silence for a few moments. Finally, he asked, "Who did you lose?"

Surprise flashed across the regal face for a bare second, then its cold mask was once again in place. "No one," he replied, in a clipped tone. The other man chuckled deeply and produced a cigarette out of one of the many pockets in his leather trenchcoat. He lit it using the candle that sat in the middle of the table. Instead of placing it in his mouth he watched the tip glow.

"She was my enemy," he finally commented, holding the cigarette inches from his face. "The slayer of my kind," he muttered, laughing at some obscure joke.

"I did **not** come here to discuss your life," the regal man replied. But the other man was oblivious.

"She really was beautiful. Much more than any of the others." He finally placed the cigarette into his mouth, inhaled deeply, then continued. "I've killed two already. Was ready to make it three; then, I actually met her." He chuckled again. "Tell me who you lost," he ordered. The regal man studied the other then tossed money onto the table and stood to leave. The other man clamped his hand down on his wrist. "You're not leaving."

The regal man glanced down at his bleached blond companion and watched calmly as the man's face changed into that of a demon. The regal man cocked his head to the side and, then, let his Beast take control. His eyes blazed gold, and fangs rested on his lips. The two vampires stared at each other across the table. "I will kill you for that," the regal man commented softly, tearing the other man's hand off his wrist.

"Let me take this opportunity to **not** care." The other man suddenly realized what he said. "Bloody hell. Now I'm talkin' like her." He looked away from the regal man and his eyes glazed over. "We could have been happy. But, no. She wanted brood-boy." The regal man looked away trying to hide the memories and pain that flashed across his face. But the other man noticed.

"Who was she?" he asked simply, completely sober and lucid. Both of the vampires' faces went into their more human counterpart.

The regal man sighed and dropped into the seat. "A doctor." The other man snuffed out his mostly ash cigarette on the table. "A coroner, actually." The other man nodded slightly, but remained quiet. "My son killed her. He...he wanted to become human again."

"All souilly, huh?" The regal man cocked an eyebrow. "Or not."

The regal man stared into his still full wine glass. "He loved her, too. Enough to want to die when she did. So I killed him."

"My girl killed her love." The regal man waited for him to continue. "Sent him straight into Hell." He chuckled. "You know, she was at her strongest in that moment. I loved her all the more for it." The two remained quiet for several minutes, each lost in his own thoughts.

"What was her name?" the regal man finally spoke.

"Buffy. Yours?"

"Natalie." The regal man picked up his glass and saluted the vampire across from him. "To Buffy and mortal enemies," he offered. The bleach blond, raised his bottle of whiskey.

"To Natalie and something that never was." The two vampires drained their respective containers. And so it continued long into the night. Two vampires trying to forget.

****Fin****

End
file.